

HOPE VILTIS HOPE

Volume 3, Number 7 CHICAGO, ILL. November, 1945

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G-1'S STAGE POGROM

Alarming news about happenings in camps for exiles and refugees located in zones under American occupation has reached me. The facts are substantiated by dates, names, places and quotations from documents. The original and complete news was sent directly to "Naujienos" Chicago Lith. Daily News.

One of the dispatches covers Camp Manheim, where may be found "displaced persons" (exiles and refugees) from Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Armenia and the Ukraine.

The reading of these items cannot but fill the heart of decent persons with indignation, anxiety and shame to think that such things are happening in zones under American Army Occupation.

Soviet agents are spying on exiles, agitating and trying to force them to return to their native lands now ruled by the Bolsheviks. The result of this was a frightful scene of people being beaten, women fainting, children screaming, wherein a disgraceful role was played by the American soldiers.

The pogrom was mainly staged on the Ukrainians and Armenians who have already lived under the "benevolent" Russ rule. The fact that they would have rather lived as slave laborers under Nazis than return to their native land does not speak well for Russia. The report is condensed.

"A Soviet repatriation commission came from the Soviet Union and established itself at Camp Manheim, turning its attention to the Ukrainians.

"Disregarding the definite determination of the Ukrainians not to return to Ukrainian territory, the Red political agents engaged themselves in insolent, propagandistic activity. They molested those Ukrainians who failed to give them favorable answers. A concrete example of this; when a political agent attacked and stabbed a Ukrainian with a knife when he gave an unsatisfactory answer why he would not return to his native land. The Ukrainian died from wounds on the night of September 6th.

Send in your Xmas Greeting Not later than November 15.

Vyts.

I'm planning to have a very large, in fact, the largest issue thus far, of Viltis for Christmas. We would like to make it our pride and joy, however, all that takes money. We, as yet, are not trying to commercialize by taking in ads. For we need all the reading space possible. There is one way to meet the expense—if every one of our readers will send in twenty five cents as a "Christmas Greeting" to our readers, for our readers are all your friends and you are their friend. One page will be set aside bearing the caption "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" and below it will appear the names of all who will contribute. Thus, not only will we exchange our greetings with each other but we will also be able to publish and extra large issue which I hope it will prove to be our "pride and joy."

Those who might desire to have special greeting space, that too will be available. One dollar for each 1½ inches of one column width. Also, subscribe Viltis as a Christmas present for your friends. Two dollars a year, or, five dollars for three years of for three subscriptions.

Tho Mr. Tomasek, camp director, promised the occupants that none would be sent by force, Mr. Molde, the camp head of education and art activity said, that some would have to leave. This spurred the efforts of the Soviet commission. The climax was reached on September 5th, when a notice displayed in the Ukrainian section that Armenians and Ukrainians must gather with their possessions at 7 A. M. of Sept. 6th, in the public square where they would be provided with trucks.

Hundreds of bewildered Ukrainians tried to escape. The number escaped reached a thousand. The rest took a stand that they would not leave the camp and would not obey the command which were not in accordance with hu-

manistic and democratic principles.

At 7 A. M., the square was filled with people, without their possessions, however. The Red agent did not show up. Sometime later, there arrived several dozen American soldiers, some commanding officers and a few MP's in an auto. All armed with rifles. Soon a Soviet agent did appear but, after a brief conference with American soldiers and UNRRA representatives, he left.

One of the officers gave a command to the soldiers and immediately all of the strategic points in the Armenian section were occupied by them. Group of American soldiers, under command to load the trucks which had just arrived, proceeded to go through the houses, installing their own rules of order, as can readily be imagined.

There were heard the screaming of women and children and the shouting of soldiers. A number of persons tried to flee but were driven back into the houses at the points of guns. One man leaped from a second story. He suffered a broken leg and was taken to a hospital. Shortly afterwards, a few women came through the doorway with their children. Their luggage was carried out and thrown into a truck, and they were told to climb in. Two of the women fainted. Other women were forced into the trucks, but jumped out and screamed or shouted. A few stood stark still, resigned to fate.

A mass of people, Ukrainians and other groups, had gathered in the square deeply stirred by the screams of the helpless victims. Several persons were struck with rifle butts on their heads, backs and chests. One fell under the blows, but was again raised to his feet by a rifle butt.

One young American officer was especially brutal, armed with a pistol but violently swinging a heavy cane. He struck the people as if they were a herd of cattle. The crowd shrieked and screamed. One Ukrainian pushed his way forward and, opening his shirt, bared his chest showing it to the soldiers as a target. He was pushed back into mob, beaten by rifle butts and fists. Another

Ukrainian who happened to be in front was arrested. Afraid of being shoved into a truck, he tried to run away. In the resulting struggle, he seemed to be trying conscientiously to avoid striking the Americans; nevertheless, he was severely and brutally beaten. He received blows from rifle butts, helmets, clubs and fist on his head, chest, back and face until, finally, the soldiers carried him away by his hands and feet to the camp prison. His wife fell on the street, stricken with a heart attack. For almost twenty minutes, efforts were made to revive her with medicine and artificial respiration, but it all seemed in vain; she did not regain consciousness until after she had been taken to a hospital, where she still remains.

A third Ukrainian tried to escape from the camp through a fence. He was caught, dragged and pushed by the American soldiers back to the public square, beaten by clubs and fists, threatened by pistol and, finally, as though he were one of a herd of cattle, pushed into the guardhouse.

The whole camp, gathered in the square, shuddered at the screams of the women and children being seated in the trucks. All of the women, regardless of their nationality, could not keep from weeping. Here and there among the crowd were heard complaints and poignant accusations against the Americans regarding their democratic talk and their undemocratic acts.

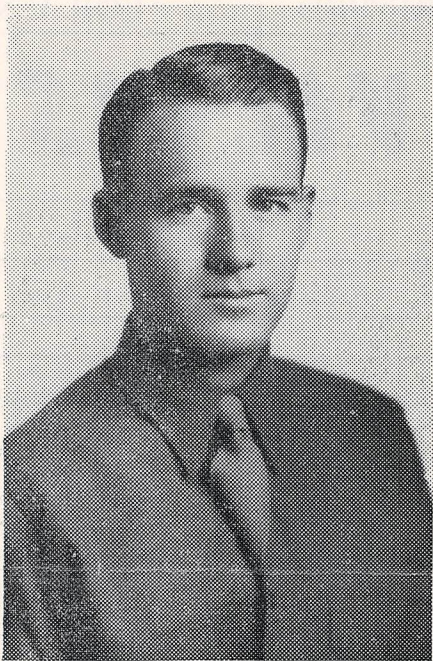
At first, it seemed that by hitting the women in the Armenian houses, the Americans were really going to succeed in seating them in the trucks. However, it soon became evident that the opposition of the people was so strong that this was impossible. The Americans finally realized this and issued orders to the soldiers to withdraw from the houses, dismiss the trucks and release the tormented and terrorized people.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Sgt Richard Ross	6
Margart (Peggy) C. Wood	8
Lt. Ed. Toten	10
Harry Wise	12
Lt. Edw. F. Carr	19
Fewell G. Dyess	25
Lt. Marney Lowell	25
Pfc. Frank Dutt	25
Leslie Davis	26
S/Sgt. Mordy R. Arnold	30

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3 Subscriptions ..... \$5.00

COUNSELLOR AT SHICK



Pfc. EDW. G. STRABLE

Eddie is a Chicagoan and a graduate of Lindblom High. He attended Wilson Jr. College for two years and then to U. of C. He was in the Enlisted Reserve Corps and went into the army in April, 1943. Basic, then Radio, then ASTP, study of German at the U. of Nebraska for six months, then the inevitable—the Infantry. He went over in Sept., 1944, and was injured in France, suffering a broken leg. After hospitalization in France and England, he was sent to Shick hospital, in Clinton, Ia. Ed has several medals including the Purple Heart. After furlough home, he was selected to go to Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., to take a course in Educational Reconditioning. He encountered plenty of stiff competition, yet, he was one of the very few "high tops" in his class. Now, he is back at Shick, not as a patient but a counsellor, interviewing, advising and helping the fellows. He hopes to join our folk dance group after his release. He is good at it.

HOPE....

By CLAYTON C. CAMPBELL

Can you imagine what our lives would be like if, by some chance, all hope should be removed from human society? It is one of the three prime virtues, according to the Apostle Paul; says an 18th century writer,—Hope is the belief more or less strong, that joy will come —; echoes the poet,—I live on hope and that, I think, do all that come into this world.—

Hope is the essence of comfort. It is that seemingly indestructible feeling inseparable from our consciousness that there is still time; that there is still another chance; that tomorrow may bring that which we seek so persistently. But I said, suppose we have no hope. Can I say that to the emaciated soldier lodged in a foreign prison cell? Can I say that to a few desolate men scanning the sky from a drifting life boat? Can I say that to frantic parents eagerly devouring each issue of the daily paper in search of some word that their lost son has been found?

We need our hopes today. We need them more than ever before. We have developed the means of our destructiveness to the point where something must be done to preserve our future.

Ant it will come, as come it must, not through treaties, nor through armies nor through destructive inventions but through a re-dedication in the heart of the individual. That will be the realization of our hopes.

Clayton Campbell was sent to Washington by Purdue University to study the system used in the Dept. of Agriculture library. Clay plans to start a column in our next issue to be called "For Friendship's Sake." It will consist of friendly chat, brief, facts. Go to it Clay.

THE ATOMIZATION OF EUROPEAN JEWRY

By SIDNEY J. JACOBS

Rabbi, West End Temple — Sinai Congregation, Rockaway Beach, Long Island, N. Y.

There is no doubt that Rabbi Sidney J. Jacobs will be one of the outstanding men in the near future among his coreligionists. For a youth, he has accomplished so many feats in the literary and religious world, that it hardly seems possible. But nothing is impossible with Sid.

Sidney was graduated from the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University cum lauda. He was graduated also from the College of Jewish Studies (Ha-Medrasa ha-Ivrit) in Chicago. He headed the "Havukah" (A student Zionist organization) and various other college and youth groups. He was associated with the Sentinel, and edited The Advocate, two Jewish journals printed in English. Currently he holds the office of the Rabbinate at the Sinai Congregation of Rockaway Beach, Long Island. Sid and his charming wife, Helen, who is just as grand as any girl could ever be, are enthusiasts of the